Guy's Hospital Residents' Play

FEBRUARY

1933

THE WORDS OF THE SONGS

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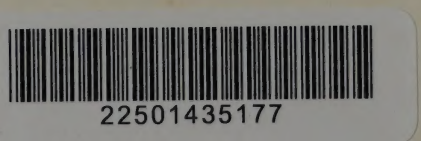

I Would be So Gay, Dear

Salmonella—

When first I came to Guy's, you see
I came here straight from school,
I thought that doctors gleamed with passion,
I thought that kissing was the fashion.
I didn't realise, you see,
I was a little fool,
That till you've got your blue
The men won't look at you.

I would be so gay, dear.
Why should I be sad ?
Singing all the day, dear ;
Happiness and gladness,
Were I not a Junior Pro.

When I am a Staff Nurse,
On Sister's half-day out,
I bet she won't just half curse
When she finds that I have
Kissed the H.P. in her room.

I'm going to flirt with Lollie Forman,
Just you wait ;
Be a female Mormon,
Satiate
Those burning passions which now I must bottle up.

I would be so gay, dear,
Why should I be sad ?
Singing all the day, dear ;
Happiness and gladness,
Were I not a Junior Pro.

Robeleine—

I always dream of crowns of gold
And jewels by the score ;
I'd love to have an ermine cloak
And drive in cars like titled folk.
I wish that I had wealth untold,
I'd buy the Koh-i-Noor,
I'd drink champagne all day,
I'd drive the gloom away.

I would be so gay, dear,
Why should I be sad ?
Singing all the day, dear ;
Happiness and gladness,
Were I not a Sister's maid.

When I am a Film Queen
Out in Hollywood,
I'll not be a has-been ;
Revel in divorces,
I'll be married twice a day.

I'll make a wife to Wallace Beery,
Though he's strong ;
Love him till he's weary.
I'll go wrong
With Ronald Colman or anyone else you like.

I would be so gay, dear,
Why should I be sad ?
Singing all the day, dear ;
Happiness and gladness,
Were I not a Sister's maid.

Back Stare—

I've always had a strong desire
To enter public life ;
I'd love to sway the multitude,
To utter some great platitude,
To terminate with words of fire
All international strife.
I'd talk for hours on end
My viewpoint to defend.

I would be so gay, dear,
Why should I be sad ?
Speaking all the day, dear ;
Happiness and gladness,
Were I not an accoucheur.

When I become the Premier
I'll be very firm ;
Ruthlessly condemn, yer,
Fairly make 'em squirm,
All who dodge their Income Tax.

I would regale with conversation
Anyone!
Patient or relation.
Oh! what fun.
That is, of course, unless I were an accoucheur.

I would be so gay, dear,
Why should I be sad?
Talking all the day, dear;
Happiness and gladness,
Were I not an accoucheur.

Listen While I Tell My Tale

Robeleine—

Listen while I tell my tale,
How I lost my sailor lad.
He found a ship that was to sail
To Bombay via Gibraltar,
Left me standing at the altar.
Since I've lost my *beau ideal*,
There's nothing like a few good tries.
I keep on looking for another,
Found him here at last, at Guy's.

I could care a lot for Dr. Watt,
I could lose my heart to Eyre,
I would give the earth
To cuddle Worth,
And Iredell sets my heart afire.
I would say, "I'm on," to sweet St. John,
For Hampson I would steal or forge;
And if I ran from Bobby Cann,
It's only 'cos I'd once seen George.

Salmonella—

Poor girl, never trust a word,
Never put your faith in man.
It's so terribly absurd
To watch the foolish girls who're
Fain to trust in human nature.
Sailors' wives fill every port,
Soldiers' fill every town.
Why should a ward clerk, then, be different?
Trust him and he'll let you down.

Though I'd like to care for Conybeare,
Yet my cautious head says, " Wait "
Though I melt to Hurst,
I put my duty first,
And even turn from dear Douthwaite
I have said, " I can't,"
To poor dear Grant.
I once said, " No, you don't," to Witts ;
And just look here, I said, " No fear,
I'll never be a bride of Pitt's."

Robeleine—

I'd been walking out for years
With a private of the Guards ;
Then it was the Fusiliers
That caused my soul to flutter,
Turned my heart to melting butter.
I've been soft about the boys,
Uniforms of red and blue ;
Who could resist a Sergeant-Major
When he puts his arms round you ?

Now, I'd never lag, I'd fall for Fagge,
The army couldn't hold me back.
If I had the chance, I'd spoon with Lance,
Or sit out on the stairs with Mac.
I would say, " O.K.," to T. B. J.,
Couldn't keep my hands off Brock ;
I'd love to click with Dr. Nick,
Or footy-foot with Lindsay-Locke.

Salmonella—

Yes, it's time I should repent.
Perhaps I've been a spot too hard,
I'm quite new to sentiment.
I must be in the fashion,
Nurse a simply hopeless passion.
But I've got expensive tastes ;
What I need is cash and style.
I need a Henry Ford or Rothschild,
Before I see St. Margaret's aisle.

I think I would refuse
If wooed by Hughes,
Though he's something like my style.
As for Dr. Mutch,
I think he's such
A lovely man compared to Ryle.
I might risk a look at Mr. Cook,
How I'd like to mother Scott;
Though I could be much to D. C.—
On second thoughts I'd rather not.

Both—

We will take no " If " from Dr. Ryff;
Northfield only makes us shy;
With our dying breath
We'd worship Treth.,
And think how grand it is to die.
Here I have a pain for Carter-Braine,
Blacker has my heart destroyed;
I'm just a fool with Bocquet-Bull,
And I am simply made for Lloyd.

The Night is Filled With Silvery Magic

(Theme Song)

And now you'll see the spirit of dancing.
Moonbeams are glancing
Over the roof-tops.
Salmonella, dressed by the fairy,
Comes to the Nurses' Ball;
And Abrodil, a true Casanova,
With his Pavlova
Spoons till the dance stops.
Of the witch's curse she will not be wary,
She answers her lover's call.

To no more pantomime shall you listen.
Dresses will glisten,
Gorgeously gleaming.
A kiss in Spring, the Waltz from Dubarry
Inspires this second scene.
The Nurse desires a musical lover;
He and no other
Sets her smile beaming.
If all goes well that lover she'll marry,
She is his Fairy Queen.

The night is filled with silvery magic.
Nothing so tragic
It can't be mended.
The gentle breeze your hair is caressing,
Soothing you with its sigh.
The moon descends and leaves just the starlight.
This, dear, is our night;
Sorrow is ended.
Our hearts are bound by heaven's sweet blessing.
Here in my arms you lie.

My Duties As a Matron

For Dr. Conybeare I have a great respect;
His influence he wields to very great effect.
He's Warden of the College,
But, in spite of all his knowledge,
A certain youthful impishness his manner does infect.

The details of the time he spends at Huntercombe
To me they don't confide, but in his College room
I hear he has a gramophone,
Which amplifies each semitone
Of Bach, Tchaikowsky, Grieg and Liszt to one tremendous boom.

My duties as a Matron
I endeavour to discharge
With that degree
Of repartee
Most suited to enlarge
My prestige as a patron.

To smiling Mr. Hughes I am, of course, attached.
He always comes and tells each little joke he's hatched.
I don't believe his every word,
His flattery is quite absurd,
But many an anxious sorrowing heart his cheerfulness has patched.

But when his mask he bites, and when his fingers shake,
You know that some poor soul's existence is at stake.
He's serious when he operates,
But on his rounds he scintillates;
Despite his childish guilelessness he's very much awake.

My duties as Matron, etc.

Now Dr. Blacker I have secretly admired.
By fierce enthusiasm and the fervour he's acquired
He's earned a reputation
That'll spread throughout the nation.
It is a very noble goal to which he has aspired.

His object, so he says, is to eliminate
All people we should not allow to propagate.
It is his great anxiety ;
Deprived of any bias, he
Intends to stop all useless births and great minds elevate.

My duties as a Matron, etc.

ARIA—ACT I—SCENE 2

Troubadour—

One word allow me, dear ladies and gentlemen.
I claim your ears and your attention.
Where is the Matron ?

Dancers—

There she stands.
She holds our pleasures
In her shapely hands.

Troubadour—

One word allow me, sweet Miss MacManus,
I pray you hear, do not disdain us.
I pray you hear, can dancing still go on ?

Matron—

Your words have moved me.
Your words have moved me.
The night is well-nigh done.
Your words have moved me.
Your words have moved me.
Your dancing may continue until one.
Your dancing may continue until one.

Even Little Rabbits

I

Nurses—

Even little rabbits
Feel the call of Spring.
Pigeons change their habits,
Sparrows start to sing.
Even in the Borough
Cupid's very thorough ;
Don't you think that love's a funny thing ?

I've often watched the Matron's little Raffles.
Beneath his air of breeding
A broken heart lies bleeding.
He feels the Spring same as you and me.

A kiss in Spring each little earthworm snaffles.
Biologists like Evans
Disturb its Springtime heavens ;
He plays the Peeping Tom on hands and knee.

Even little rabbits, etc.

II

Abrodil—

Where the sun is shining,
Way across the sea,
On a beach reclining,
Happy as can be ;
Away in Monte Carlo,
Or perhaps St. Malo,
That's the holiday for you and me.

I am going to be as happy as a sand-boy.
I am fed up with winter.
Those yellow fogs I'll splinter,
Breaking through the belt of rain and slush.

I'd like to plough the fields like any land-boy.
It thrills me to the marrow
To wield a plough and harrow ;
To the country joyously I'll rush.

When the sun is shining, etc.

Telephone Blues

I

Those blues I've got.
Nursing may be trying, but it's rot
To grumble over nursing blues.

Those blues I've got.
You may think I'm happy, but I'm not.
Let me tell you all my news.

I'm here all day.
My job's to say,
" Hold on, I'll put you through."
What chance to rise,
Murmuring, " Guy's,"
Gives me those call-box blues.
Blues I've got,
Those closer to the mouthpiece blues I've got,
Those " Sorry you've been troubled " blues.

II

Those blues I've got.
T's they carefully cross and I's they dot
When their theatre seats they choose.

Those blues I've got.
Dialogues you'd think were rather hot.
I've sophisticated blues.

The things I hear,
They would sound queer,
If I told all I knew.
I'm too discreet,
Never repeat.
That's why I am so blue.

Blues I've got.
Those closer to the mouthpiece blues I've got,
Those " Sorry you've been troubled " blues.

III

Telephone Boy—

Those blues I've got.
Getting the wrong number quite a lot.
How'd you like to wear my shoes ?

Mr. Slicky—

Those blues I've got.
If I had my say you would be shot.
Got those Archie Marston Blues.

Archie, take care ;
Archie, beware ;
I think she's going blue.
Archie, take heed,
I'm sure she'll bleed.
Can't say I don't amuse.

Both—

Blues I've got.
Those closer to the mouthpiece blues I've got.
Those " Sorry you've been troubled " blues.

IV

Abrodil—

Those blues I've got.
Harassed that I scarcely know what's what.
Where are Salmonella's shoes ?

Sir Francis Always—

Those blues I've got.
Though I'm really quite as good as Scott,
I've got those Avertin blues.

Sometimes too light,
Sometimes too tight,
I'll see the patient through.
They're never sick,
They're round so quick,
Then have a peaceful snooze.

All—

Those blues I've got,
Those closer to the mouthpiece blues I've got.
Those " Sorry you've been troubled " blues.

Sing Hey! For a Glass of Brown Sherry

Sing hey for a glass of brown sherry,
Sing ho for a tot of neat gin ;
To-morrow we won't feel so merry,
But, thank Heaven, we're not taking in.
If they want us to give dopes in theatres we'll say,
" No fear, we've done quite enough work for to-day."

So fill up your glasses,
Come fill up your glasses,
And please to repeat after me :
That the Residents' Going-off Dinner
Is the time to make high revelree.

Sing hey for a glass of strong bismuth,
Sing ho for the aspirins, too,
For to-morrow each one will feel his mouth
Has been filled up with tintacks and glue ;
But to-night if the big chief should ring up to tell
Of a case that is coming, we'll say, " Go to Hell."

So fill up your glasses, etc.

You'll find that these Going-off Dinners
Are never too boring or slow,
And here you'll find case-hardened sinners,
Such as Coney and Rudy and Co.
If you think that I'm telling you what isn't true,
Just come to the next and I'll prove it to you.

So fill up your glasses, etc.

ACT III

The Song of the Volga Ward-Clerks

We're eager for rounds,
Reports are our pride ;
There's tea to be made
And sausages fried.
We fetch Balkam beams
And put them up wrong ;
Our woes and exhaustion account for this song.

Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho, harken our song.
Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho, life is too long.
Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho, but longer is Death, but longer is Death,
But longer is Death !

When the houseman calls
The ward clerks obey.
We lift our loads in a clumsy way.
Our backs may be sore,
Our biceps achin',
Yet who'd go to bed when he's doing a Take-In ?

Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho, etc.

The chloroform drips,
Sleep fills the air ;
Far off we hear
The Registrar swear.
Suppose we should nod
On the sterile towels ;
We don't care if our heads rest on nothing but bowels.

Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho, etc.

Oh, the day has come,
And the dawn has broken ;
We're too full of tears,
No word is spoken.
We stand in theatres,
Resist such temptatons
To fall off to sleep, as we scrub lacerations.

Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho, etc.

At last it is over,
We crawl back to bed ;
We envy our victims,
For none wakes the dead.
How easy their job,
Just wings and a harp !
Don't forget Minor Ops. at nine o'clock sharp.

Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho, etc.

The Red, Red Blood

The red blood flows relentlessly,
With a drip, drip, drip upon the floor.
The victim lies defencelessly,
Devoid of every sense is he ;
And the red, red blood wells up once more.
Ah, the red, red blood upon the floor.

We're all of us born to gloom and sorrow ;
We laugh to-day, but we're dead to-morrow.
The chloroform mask, the Surgeon's knife,
Will dismally end our useless life.
We're only machines, our brain is dead ;
Our blood is but fit to stain the floor red.
They gruesomely laugh—ha-ha-ha—at that
stain so red.

The red blood flows relentlessly, etc.

Sisters of the Sick

Some women have a passion for a film star,
And some are fond of mink and limousines ;
Some love to go so far, but not too far,
Some spend their time in sandals at the Queen's ;
Some only live when they're cooking omelettes
And giving all the family pains inside ;
Some waste their lives on dogs and cats and such pets,
And leave them all their money when they've died.

But here we all resemble Joan of Arc,
Our backs are turned on life and all its joys ;
Should Cupid chance to meet us in the Park,
We'd simply tell him not to make a noise.
Look at us all, resigned and pale and meek,
With one half-day to look for once a week.

Sisters of the Sick,
Sisters of the Sick.
We are really very, very shy ;
Yes, we're prim and shrinking,
Never winking,
Never give a real glad eye.

Sisters of the Sick,
Sisters of the Sick.
Flirting is a thing we dare not try.
When the houseman's friendly
And unbends we
Go and have a damned good cry.

We start off in the morning,
We work from eight till ten.
The evening finds us yawning,
With little use for men,
For though we may be women
We're Sisters after all.

Sisters of the Sick,
Sisters of the Sick.
Though our wages may be none too high,
We are all hard-working,
Never shirking,
Ours is but to do or die.

Some women talk of nothing but their faces,
And how they look when wearing crepe de chine,
While others might as well be wearing braces,
And call you by your surname or " Old Bean."
Some women grab the headlines in the papers,
Like actresses who write their history,
And chorus girls who cut disgusting capers ;
We were not meant for living dangerously.

Our other name is Florence Nightingale ;
We have renounced the world and all its ways.
If romance should attempt to pierce the veil
We simply squash it flat, and there it stays.
Look at us all, observe our downcast eyes,
Four very earnest Sisters here at Guy's.

Sisters of the Sick, etc.

You know the kind of woman who drinks cocktails,
Who's rather bored with dances and with plays,
Who greens her finger-tips and blues her toe-nails,
And browns the rest with ultra-violet rays.
She has her face renewed each day by Arden,
And ruins it at night by drinking gin ;
She ought to know it makes her arteries harden.
Oh, golly, save us Sisters from such sin.

But here we shun such nonsense. Eton crops
Are merely in accord with strict hygiene.
We don't pluck our eyebrows. Hygiene stops
At simply keeping face and fingers clean.
Look at us all, our noses may be bright,
It's only 'cos we wash them with Sunlight.

Sisters of the Sick, etc.

Carefully Contemplate Before You Take Your Blue

Nurse—

I flit from flower to flower,
Butterfly gay in the sun ;
I have my short fleeting hour,
Dreading the frost and the shower.
Butterfly's day is soon done.
Butterfly's day is soon done.

Up and down the Colonnade we flit all day.
Look at our eyes, they advertise that life's O.K.
Never mind the weather,
Let us get together,
Dance all our troubles away.

Watch us flirting round about the Colonnade.
Living at Guy's you'll realise how soon we fade.
Soon our youth is done with,
No one to have fun with,
Age makes us all afraid.

Let us have our fun now
While we're young and gay ;
Never fear to-morrow
While we laugh to-day.
Future may bring sorrow,
Kiss then while we may.
Let's forget the National Debt and shout " Hip-hip-hooray ! "

Carefully contemplate before you take your blue,
Should Matron ask what noble task you want to do.
Is it worth the biscuit ?
Are you wise to risk it ?
Why not start life all anew ?

Sister—

This life isn't all honey,
This life isn't all jam ;
You won't think it too funny
Earning thanks and no money.
You won't think it great fun
You won't think it great fun.

When we change our uniforms from grey to blue,
Some of us must our views adjust to smiling through
Superannuation,
In a transformation ;
Let's hope that won't be true.

When we're poor and hungry, will you spare a cent ?
When we're too old, what comfort cold in sentiment ?
Contemplate us kindly,
We have followed blindly
Duty, but we repent.

All our lives we've striven,
Comforting sick and poor.
What pension are we given ?
Our fate we must deplore.
Perhaps we may be driven
Begging from door to door.
It isn't fair that none should care ; we surely merit more.

Carefully contemplate before you take your blue,
Should Matron ask what noble task you want to do
Is it worth the biscuit ?
Are you wise to risk it ?
Why not start life all anew ?

Flower Seller—

I cling to life like a sparrow,
Out in the streets all the day.
Standing for hours by my barrow,
Fluttering, struggling sparrow.
Clinging to life while I may.
Clinging to life while I may.

I tried nursing once, but scarcely earned my bread.
'Ere in the gutter, bread and butter earn instead.
Lovely roses, buy 'em ;
Come on, lady, try 'em ;
I've kids that must be fed.

Won't you buy a violet ? They ain't 'alf bad.
Roses, roses, lovely roses, be a lad.
Don't be superstitious,
It may be propitious ;
Buy some and make 'er glad.

'Ere you are, my beauty,
Buy a bunch of these.
Give them to your cutie
And they're bound to please.
Come on, do your duty,
It's my bread and cheese.
Chrysanthemums, begoniums, and what about sweet peas ?

Carefully contemplate before you take your blue,
Should Matron ask what noble task you want to do.
Is it worth the biscuit ?
Are you wise to risk it ?
Why not start life all anew ?

Now that Guy's is on The Danger List

Now that Guy's is on the Danger List,
There's no opportunity that should be missed.
Can't we find some rich philanthropist ?
That's what we want to know.

Now that Guy's is on the Danger List,
Come on, everyone assist.
Shall the College crumble ?
Shall Hunt's chimney tumble ?
Centuries say " NO."

Come on and join in our appeal.
In every room a Guy's collecting box display.
Beg, borrow, blackmail, even steal.
The Debt is getting bigger every day.
Our object is the sick to heal,
But for that healing, you know, someone's got to pay.
So come on, yell your tongues out,
Shout your lungs out—
Dare quam accipere.

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